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THE CRAYON.

Volume VIII.

MAY.

Part V.

J. DURAND, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 55 WALKER STREET.

THE CHORUS IN THE CEDIPUS TYRANNUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY HORATIO HUBBELL.

Ω Διος αδνεπης Φατι, τις ποτέ
Τας πολυχρυσες πυθωνος
Αγλαας εβας Θηβας.

STROPHE.

Golden Pytho ! Thou ! whose language falls
Melodious 'mid the Delphic halls,
Hail ! to the citadel of Cadmus fly ;
Where, as Anguish breathes its moan,
And is heard the sullen groan,
The victims immolated die !
Phœbus ! thou renovating Deity ! reveal
Thy power, and heal !
Will the rolling hours
Bring hope ? Speak ! oh speak !
As from thy bosom pours
The balm, that consolation which the wretched seek.

ANTI-STROPHE.

Immortal Daughter of the Thunderer Jove !
Pallas Athenæ ! And thou ! that roll'st above !
Artemis ! Thou who art enthroned,
Beauty beaming from thy face,
On the high altar of the Market Place !
Have we ston'd ?
Come ! wipe away the suppliant's tear,
And hear ! oh ! hear !
Ye, who quench'd the glowing heat,
When erst the city felt the curse
And on our heads its vengeance beat
Shield us ! in this sad reverse !
And save us now—oh ! quickly save !
Else doomed to fill the gloomy grave.

CHORUS.

Come ! for sorrows without number,
On the wretched people fall !
The pestilence is seizing all—
Death will wrap in icy slumber
Those for whom there is no shield.
The very herbage in the field
Is scath'd—the matron in her lab'ring throes
Expires. Alas ! we feel unutterable woes !
Behold how one and then another,
Like a bird with rapid flight,
Like a fire that naught can smother,
When its flame with lurid light
Drives onward fiercely ; Death pervades.
All, all, are hurried to the Land of Shades !
Woe upon the luckless race !
Corpses numberless are strewn around,
And o'er their last sad resting-place
No dirge of sorrow breathes its sound !
Yet around the altars creeping,

Here and there a mournful band,
The virgin and the grey-lock'd matron weeping !
Lamenting for their native land !
Hark ! the Pæans' startling tones
Mingle with despairing groans !
Daughter of Immortal Jove,
Whose head the golden locks adorn,
Aid ! oh, aid us, from above—
Let us feel thy healing love,
Celestial born !
Behold ! how cruel Ares rages—
Now without his brazen shield—
And in his fiery anger wages
Dire extermination. Let him yield !
Let us see that he has fled—
Let us feel his power no more !
Drive him to Amphytrion's bed—
To the wildest Thracian shore !
Ah ! if the dewy night alloys,
And a soothing balm bestows,
This the coming day destroys
In the fever'd heat that glows.
Oh ! do thou, Immortal Jove !
Thou, whose hands the lightnings wield,
Hurl thy thunders from above—
And drive the monster from the field !
King of Lycia ! bend thy golden bow—
Let the unerring shaft be sped !
Strew thy weapons here below,
And stay th' accumulating dead !
And Luna ! shed thy mildest ray—
As oft upon the Lycian mountains,
Thy stealthy steps are wont to stray
Around the streams or haunted fountains.
Thou midnight rover !
When through each glade
Or Forest-shade
Thou wanderest over !
And last not least thou Conqueror Divine !
Bacchus ! god of rosy wine,
Come radiant, as when of yore
Thou led'st the Menades and bore
The purple clusters—assume the victor once again,
Assange our pain,
And this Deity malign—
To a dark oblivion consign !

THE great majority of mankind are content to be popular and accepted at as cheap a rate as possible : where this object is attained, as it frequently is, by a naturally animated manner, by the good nature that frequently attends upon perfect health, and a pleasant exterior, a man is easily contented to be superficial ; while others are obliged to seek for a radiance which shall rather shine through them than flash like gold-leaf from their surface.—Boyes.